



Alcatraz



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Chapter 1 by Andrew Hartmann

My name is Ryan, my story starts out with me at the local bar. There were these guys, said they had a job for me, but it was dirty. Break into the general store, steal the cash from the register, and get the hell outta there.

The were paying a lot, even said I could have a third of the prize. So, I took the job. Not sure where my wife will think I got the extra cash from, but who needs an explanation these days.

Finally, the night has arrived. Me and my two accomplices got ready to break into the back of the general store. We made sure nobody was around before he brook the lock off the door and entered the dark building. It was pitch black, couldn't see a thing.

This is when my story gets bad. I hear a door open then close. I call for the two employers but nobody answered, I guess I'm finishing the job on my own.

I jogged over to the cash register and opened it up. How stupid could the owner be for leaving all the money in the register? I started grabbing some and stuffing it in my bag. Then, out of nowhere, I don't know how I didn't notice him before, but a security guard opens the door into

the store. I think on the other side of the door was a bathroom. But he just started walking around.

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He must of saw me becau

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I want to hurt you!"

Then he started running at me. What else could I do? I pulled out a knife I had stored on my belt in case anything went wrong. As he drew nearer, I lunged at him with the knife clenched in my fist. The blade cut with ease through his torso, he went down pretty fast, I must have hit something vital in there. Heart maybe?

As I checked his pulse, which there was none, all the lights in the room turn on. I stand up and try to see what was going on. Suddenly, the cops burst through the main door into the store. "Freeze!" One of them yells.

After the cops come in, my two accomplices come in after them. "He's the one we've been telling you about!"

"Yeah, the one we told you was gonna break in tonight!" The two men seemed to have set me up.

I drop my knife and raise my hands.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



They threw the book at me. Mayor Lapham was cracking down on crime, trying to look tough for the electorate. At least the guard I'd stabbed had lived. If I'd have been half an inch to the right I'd have gotten the chair.

The judge frowned as he sent me away. Guilty on all counts, I was going to be in the slammer for at least a decade. I heard my wife sobbing as they lead me away in chains. I couldn't look her in the eye.

They herded me into a cell on B block, the quarantine wing. There wasn't much to write home about. Just a bed, desk and a washbasin, as well as a toilet that I could smell from down the hallway.

Prisoners weren't allowed to speak to each other, but that just made the other noises seem even louder. Moans and groans echoed down the cell block, and I heard more than one man weeping out loud.

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I crumpled up on the floor

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